White Wolf

No. 1

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WELCOME

Welcome to the first issue of White Wolf! What you now hold in your hands constitutes a lot of work by too few people. White Wolf is the brainchild of three people, people whose names appear again and again in the Table of Contents: myself, Stewart Wieck; Stephan Wieck; and Dale Cook.

White Wolf is being written for those who enjoy RPGs. Our greatest strength lies in the fact that we belong to no company, so we can publish information for any game! Please look elsewhere in this magazine for the reader questionaire form. We NEED your response if we are going to be able to publish what you want to read.

White Wolf should be able to remain on a monthly schedule, so you can look forward to it regularily (especially if you get a submission!).

White Wolf Publishing is a small company at the present time. This means that we need to grow, and grow rapidly if we are to survive in today's world. Past buying issues of White Wolf, there are other ways that you can help us. Tell anyone that you know, that might be interested in this magazine, about us. You could also post a little memo in the local game shop with our address on it. Anything that spreads our name would be thankfully recieved by us.

I hope that you enjoy this first issue of White Wolf; I see no reason why you shouldn't though, for it includes an entire AD&D scenario (you get that much and more for only a little more than one buck; what a deal!).

Personality over Power

So often it is tempting to place items and abilities of ridiculous power at the disposal of the players in your campaign. "Well, they are high level characters" you reason. This reasoning is not sound. Such a thought is the beginning of that which will germinate into what has been called a 'Monty Haul' campaign. This is, basically, a campaign in which the characters have grown to be too powerful to be controlled within the boundaries of good role-playing.

Power and the acquisition of money should not be the major goal in any role-playing campaign. A Game Master who promotes such is a very poor Game Master. The title under which all of these games in question falls under aptly states the intended focus of the games. They are called ROLE-PLAYING games. Role-playing, then, is logically the focus of these games.

The real challenge in a role-playing game is not presented by the powerful beasts you may face. Anyone, ANYONE, can roll a die and walk a cardboard character through a dungeon. The real challenges of role-playing games dwell within the realm of personality. How believeable, how convincing, can make your character.

You should use your mind to gain your satisfaction while playing role-playing games. This is not to say that combat, magic, and arcane artifacts don't have their places in role-playing games, for often a magical sword (of whatever power) will help give your character 'flavor'. Instead, this is only meant to point out how often a character becomes nothing other than a sheet of statistics to be manipulated by a player. We are all guilty of having done this at one time or another, but, please, try to develop your character's personality, and quit worrying so much about hit points, level, armor class, etc. Pay more attention to the characteristics of a character that enhance or contribute to his personality. An example is alignment. Choose your character's alignment carefully, for it is the basis for a major portion of personality.

I challenge each and everyone of you reading this to name one quality that character power has over character personality as a game focus. If you cannot think of one immediately and/or do not spend much time trying to think of one, then maybe, just maybe, you don't have Monty Haul Syndrome.

Among the many things that can make any campaign enjoyable are magical items. All magic-items, over a period of time, become over-used and, finally, stale. In fact, if you are a dedicated gamer, the items detailed in Unearthed Arcana (for AD&D players) may already be in this sort of condition for you. WHITE WOLF will periodically try to provide new and innovative magic items for its readers so their campaigns never go stale! Normally, D&D and AD&D items will be presented, but, as in all things concerning this magazine, we are open to suggestions.

Tatrix--

Tatrix, as he likes to be called, is, simply put, an amazing person. He is terribly intelligent (INT 18), an exciting conversationalist, and a wonderful spellcaster (as he is an archmage). Unfortunately, his soul currently resides within a longsword where it was trapped by a rival magician. This entrapment has all but ruined his spellcasting ability and has certainly wreaked havoc on his social life.

Tatrix, however, still retains many abilities: 1) at will he may detect magic (3" radius), 2) project himself (and his wielder) astrally once every three months, and 3) he may form a telepathic link with anyone on the same plane of existence provided that he has had previous personal contact with that person. He is aligned neutrally and he has yet to devote himself to a particular god.

The sword he is trapped within is a +3 longsword. It is made of an unknown (even to Tatrix), dull, black metal and has silver runes that run along both sides of the blade. It has a matching scabbard of black leather.

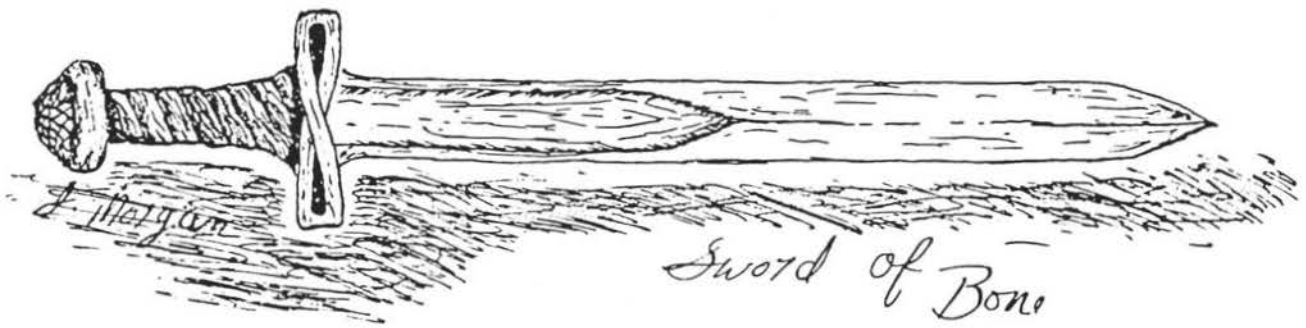
Tatrix's goal is to find a magic-user powerful enough

to release him. He is never with one individual long enough to accomplish much towards this end, however, as most find it disturbing to own a sword that is actually a person. He is over three hundred years old and has been passed down a line of very powerful people.

Sword of Bone--

This sword is believed to have been created from the bone of a powerful demon. The hilt and blade of this longsword have been fashioned from a single piece of ivory bone and it has been magically strengthened so as to be virtually unbreakable. Its grip is wrapped in ancient leather and a large ruby adorns the pommel.

The weapon is +3 and the wounds it creates bleed 2 hit points per round as do wounds created by swords of wounding. In addition, the sword confers the effects of vampric regeneration (as the ring) on its wielder. This last power is only conveyed to the wielder when the sword of bone strikes a creature that bleeds. Also, as the regeneration is in progress blood is soaked up by the sword, causing it to turn red (or whatever color the blood is). The stain fades after 1 turn if no more blood is soaked up. The ruby on the pommel also protects the sword's wielder as a ring of fire resistance.



Horn of the Unicorn--

This magical item is very rare, mainly because its production requires an actual unicorn's horn. After the proper magics have been applied to the horn then it can "wield" itself to its owner's forhead three times per day. Each "wielding" lasts for one turn. The horn may be used as a weapon when it is on a person's forhead. Normally it will do 1d10 damage, but the attacker must apply his non-proficiency penalty to the attack chance. If the character decides to spend a proficiency slot in order to learn how to truly use the horn as a weapon then it will do 1d12 damage (in addition to removing the non-proficiency penalty). Also, once its use is learned this way, the owner may charge and strike with the horn for double damage. When it is on a person's forhead, that person is immune to all poisons.

Horn of the Unicorn

Glove of Good/Evil Deed--

This item is actually a cursed item. Its effects vary according to the alignment of the wearer. The glove will cause good characters to commit an evil deed and an evil character a good deed. Neutrals are unaffected. There is no saving throw versus the effects. In order

to help a character complete his assigned deed, the glove will function as gauntlets of ogre power until the completion of the deed. The extent of the deed required is left totally to the DM, but it should be something that is not easily accomplished.

Dragon Nectar--

This edible substance is usable only by dragons and their close kin. Once the nectar is consumed, the next three usages of his breath weapon will be at maximum potency regardless of whether he has taken any damage (the damage will always be equal to his full hit point total). The substance's effects wear off after three days whether used or not.

Mages often produce dragon nectar to use as barter for the dragon's service or another item of the wyrm's vast treasure.

Any dragon can immediately detect any contamination (poison, etc.) in dragon nectar, but such contaminations will not affect the dragon and the nectar will still be usable. The person trying to give such contaminated nectar to a dragon will probably discover first hand how well it functions.

Morningstar of Doom--

This unique weapon (called Omdigrin) has its origin shrouded in orcish myths. It behaves as a morningstar +2, but also has two special abilities. First, its wielder can command it to whirl, whereupon the ball and chain will begin to spin perpindicular to the handle. The ball and chain spin so swiftly that they form a sort of protective shield for the wielder. Subtract two from the AC of the wielder in this case. The second power is very deadly to an opponent: once per day the morninstar can be used to deliver a harm spell upon a successfully struck opponent.

Ring of Deceptive Action--

Though this item is most useful to thieves, any class could discover many uses for it. The ring creates, upon command, small illusions that mask simple actions. For example: a thief could walk towards someone whose pocket he intends to pick and so pick the pocket while commanding the ring to make it appear that his arms are straight down by his sides. Other uses include: secretly drawing a weapon or prepare spell components, slip out of bonds while apparently doing nothing, etc. The ring has no charges, so it may be used indefinitly.

Ring of Deceptive Action!

Bauble of Past Sight--

This glass bauble allows its user to view events that have already taken place. The user must be at the location that the event took place. The base chance for the bauble to perform correctly is 75%. This chance is adjusted as follows: +1%/ INT of the user and -2%/ hour in the past of the event. Only one entity may use the bauble at a time. If the bauble functions properly, then holograms or spirit forms will appear and play out the event. The scene may encompass an area as large as a 2" radius and it lasts for one turn. A new roll must be made if one wishes to view the event longer than one turn, but after the first use a cumalative -10% is in affect. There are said to be baubles of future sight, but these are most likely only rumors.

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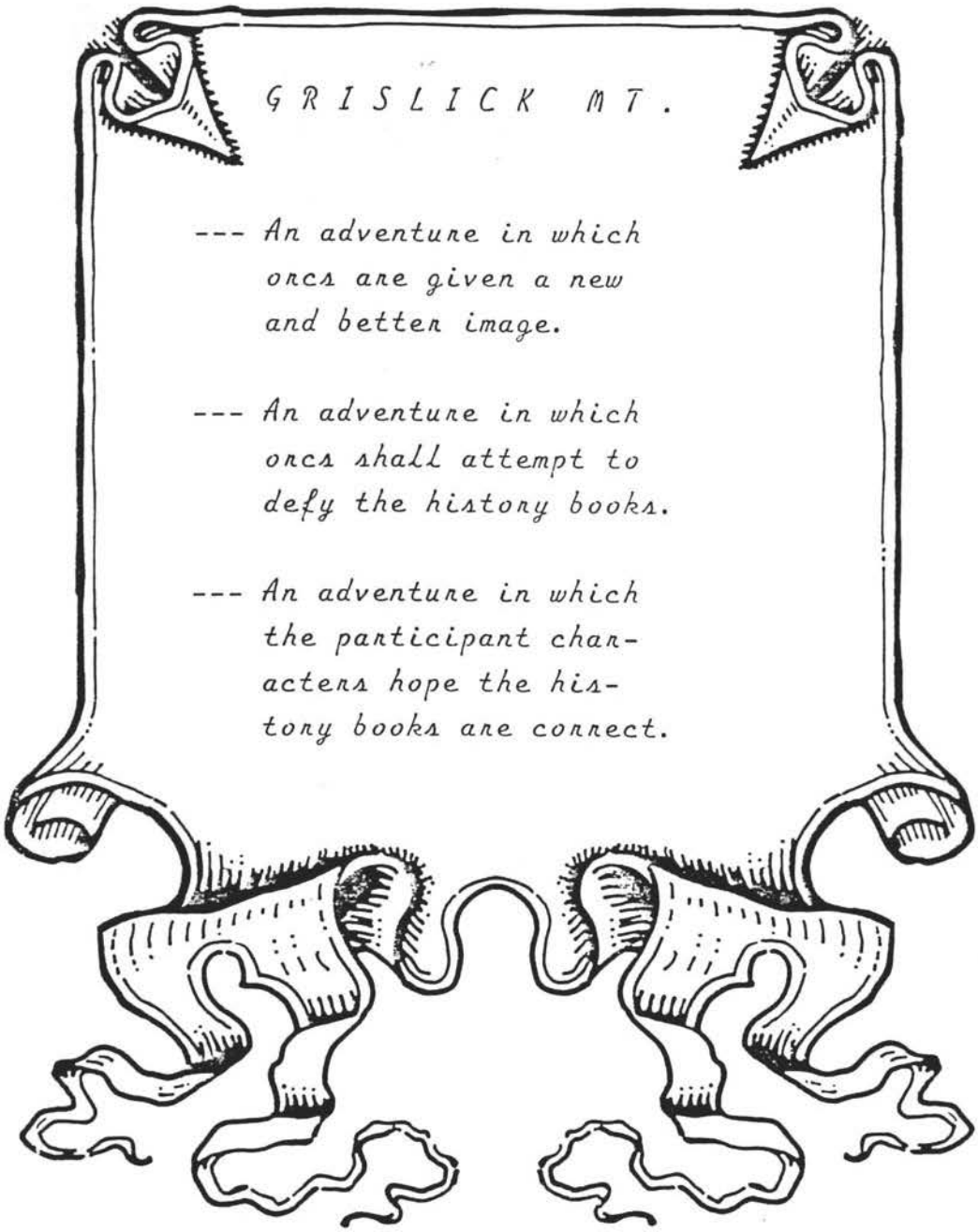
GRISLICK MOUNTAIN



GRISLICK MOUNTAIN

Before we delve into the adventure, it is neccessary to redefine the orc as an opponent to a character. At some point in their career, most DMs fall into the rut of making orcs unintelligent cannon (or sword, as it were) fodder. This terrible mental disorder (which I too suffered from at one time) mainly comes from boredom. As beginning characters, the players become used to fighting orcs and they become a staple monster. The DM gets sick of them and it becomes difficult to describe each and every orc to the players as being a loathsome, beastial humanoid. Yet, if, as the DM, you do not give life to every orc, the players begin to see orcs as something that the gods placed on the land to stop sword swings with their bodies.

So, let's redefine the orc before you read the adventure. Orcs are Lawful Evil, so they work together towards a common goal using evil methods (that business in the Monster Manual about them attacking one another 75% of the time is pure malarky). They are fierce, competitive, and do fight amongst themselves in tribal warfares, but they do not (chaotically) attack one another on sight.Orcs average an intelligence of 8 or 9, but the leaders tend to be smarter. And, all orcs are cunning. Orcs, like player characters, enjoy living; they like to stay alive. If an orc is stabbed in combat by a broadsword wielding, armored fighter and is reduced to two hit points, he's going to retreat, not stand there and wait for the coup de grace. Orcs will ambush characters, protect their lairs with lethal or incapacitating traps, and, if in combat, look for superior positions.

Something should also be said about the impression that an orc tries to convey. The impression is something like that of a Nazi SS soldier: fearsome, elite, cruel, and powerful. Orcs, of course, don't goose-step about in black uniforms, but the impression is similar. Orcs have fun inventing ways

to torment other beings. They make wagers on which prisoner can grasp a burning-hot coal the longest. The losers are killed to give incentives.

Orcs wear skins or leather clothing. Most are pigish looking with grotesque, slimy snouts. Leaders tend to have coarser, thicker hair and snouts (more like a boar). Understandably, wereboar lycanthropy is one of the leading diseases among orcs.

This adventure is meant to revitalize the orc as a creature in a campaign where they have gone stale (or thought to be an easy fight). The more naive the party to the true dangers orcs can represent, the better (for the orcs anyway). So, crank out those descriptive words and remember: every orc loves living just as much as killing.

INTRODUCTION--

"Kallen Tor, this book says that there was once a tribe of orcs on Grislick Mountain," Menelaus called.

"I see that you find that hard to believe my young pupil, but, yes, it is true. The orc tribe called The Black Nail once ruled the mountain and disrupted the trade through Shallanor Pass that was so precious to Corbas. In that past time, Corbas was not as large a trading city as you now live in, but just a small town struggling to gain trade from the east." The sage stopped and pondered, remembering old fables. He stroked his dark beard and continued, "Sit back a moment Menelaus and hear a tale of heroes. The Black Nail was not very large as orc tribes go, but they were the vilest of their kind. They strangled trade which was passing through the pass by attacking the caravans which were coming to Corbas. Corbas became desperate. Luckily, even in those times, there were heroes who could purge the land of such menaces. Some of these heroes: [name the party members], attacked the mountain. The orcs were not defenseless, but the heroes finally succeeded in

cleansing Grislick Mountain."

"What did these heroes recieve?" Menelaus asked, eyes bright with expectation.

"Menelaus, I'm shocked. Don't you recognize the names of the great heroes I mentioned? Do you think [name one greedy character] would require money from an economically desperate town just because he saved it? The heroes all receved the greatest, richest award of all: gratitude. Don't you agree?"

Tell the players that the history books have already been written in their favor, so they had better live up to their legend.

THE ADVENTURE

Grislick Mountain is actually a series of ascending steppes that are about 80 vertical feet apart. The Black Nail tribe is camped upon the highest inhabitable steppe. Intruders will be dealt with on the lower steppes by sentries and initial detatchments.

The mountain itself is situated in the middle of Shallamor Pass, the only pass through a long range of north-south running mountains. Traders use the pass to take their wares to the small costal town of Corbas. The orcs have been restricting passage through the pass for some time now, so the town has sent the characters to Grislick.

The characters may wish to set a trap for the orcs by guarding a caravan that passes through Shallamor. If so, twenty orcs will attack the caravan (see The Tribe section for stats on the orcs). The orcs will probably have to retreat in the face of a frontal assault by the charcaters. Do not reduce the number of orcs on Grislick itself, even if the party kills some of the caravan raiding party members.

Thieves will find climbing the cliffs walls of Grislick to be a true test. The grey shale of the cliff face breaks easily so half the thief's chance to climb walls. Also, there might just happen to be an orc at the top of the cliff who will tumble rocks down upon the thief (hit AC 8 for 1d8 damage). The orc will not unduly expose himself to missle fire.

Finally, earth spirits have an ancient and evil history at Grislick Mountain. Earth based spells cause +1 damage/ die and -1 saving throw modifiers are in effect for those resisting the spell. Air based spells will not operate on our around Grislick Mountain (gust of wind, zephyr, etc.). All forms of magical flight, no matter what the source, do not function on Grislick Mountain.

THE TRIBE

The Black Nail tribe is a nasty bunch. They are exceptionally intelligent and organized. At the moment they are having trouble with wereboar lycanthropy, mainly because it is being spread among the warriors by Orginash, the head shaman. Use the following statistics, where appropriate, in the adventure.

Black Nail Warrior: AC 6 (studded leather and medium shield), HD 1, hp 7 each, #att 1, dm 1-8 (saber) or 1-4 (dagger).

Their shields are painted with crude scenes of torture and death. Their finger/toe nails are painted black. They are all piggish looking and about 6½' tall. Some of the warriors might also be armed with any of the following: short bow (1-6 dm), spear (1-6), or spetum (2-7).

For every five orcs there will usually be a sub-commander.

Sub-commander: AC 4 (chain and shield), HD 2, hp 12, #att 1, dm 1d8+1 (saber plus strength).

There are two sub-chiefs:

Magriskas: AC 4 (chainmail and shield), F 1v 4, hp 31, dm 2-7 (+2 - from weapon and strength), carries a footman's mace +1.

Krune: AC 4 (splintmail), F 1v 4, hp 29, #att 3/2, dm 1-10+3 (strength and specialization). Krune carries a two-handed sword with which he is specialized and thus recieves a bonus of +1 "to hit". He also has a poisoned throwing dagger. The dagger does 1-3 (+1) and the victim must save versus poison or be paralyzed and die in pain after 1-6 rounds.

And the chieftain:

Bashikrom: AC 2 (splintmail +2), F 1v 8, hp 52, #att 2/1, dm 1-8 (+7 - from strength, magic, and specialization) plus wounding affects also,. Bashikrom has a battleaxe +1 of wounding which he wields with great skill (double specialization). He wears a leathern collar about his neck which protects him from the severing abilities of vorpal and sharpness blades (not just his neck but his other limbs also). Upon his head he wears a great iron helmet with a full face screen. The helmet has an engraving of a single, large eye on the forhead. Bashikrom is a full seven feet tall.

There are three shamans. Orginash is the head shaman among them:

Orginash: AC 8 (leather), Cleric 1v 6, hp 28, dm 2-5 (+1 -from a hammer +1).
Spells- 5 1st, 3 2nd, and 2 3rd:
1st- Command, Detect Magic, Sanctuary, Cause Lt. Wounds, Cure Lt. Wounds.
2nd- Hold Person, Know Alignment, Silence 15' radius.
3rd- Prayer, Dispel Magic.

Orginash carries with him at all times a disk with the engraving of an eye upon it. Once every three rounds, the

disc can fire a 30' beam of black energy which causes a serious wound (as the spell) to whatever person it hits. The beam must be shot at a single target and a successful save versus magic will reduce the damage done to a light wound. The disc is useless to all but orcish priests.

Orginash is guarded personally by a wereboar/orc warrior: AC 4, HD 5+2, hp 30, dm 2-12, only hit by silver or magical weapons. The orc is similar to a sub-commander when in orcish form (a rare sight when battle is nearby).

Shaman #1: AC 8, Cleric lv 3, hp 10, dm 2-5 (hammer). Spells- 3 1st, 1 2nd:

1st- Sanctuary, Cause Lt. Wounds, Command.

2nd- Silence 15' radius.

Shaman #2: AC 7, Cleric lv 3, hp 13, dm 2-5 (hammer). Spells- 3 1st, 1 2nd.

1st-Cause fear, Cure Lt. Wounds, Sanctuary.

2nd- Silence 15' Radius.

Women of the Black Nails Tribe: AC 8, HD 1, hp 4, dm 1-6 (clubs).

Young of the tribe: AC 8, HD ½, hp 3, dm 1-3 (sticks) or thrown stones which cause 1 point only (but two such attacks may be made).

IMPORTANT NOTE: Because of their out of doors living, the orcs of this tribe are not subject to the "to hit" penalty normally recieved by orcs for outdoor fighting.

Treasure: for the tribe's treasure refer to the description of the Village.

Warriors- 2-12 electrum each.

Sub- Commanders- 2-12 e.p., and 2-8 g.p.

Shamans- same as sub-commanders.

Magriskas- 12 g.p., 4 p.p., 50 g.p. gem , 45 g.p. gold chain.

Krune: 10 g.p., 6 p.p., 200 g.p. onyx and gold ring.

Bashikrom: 10 g.p., 12 p.p., 500 g.p. sapphire.

AREA DESCRIPTIONS (refer to the map at the adventure's end)

SIGN

1. A crude canyon splits through the mountain's lower steppes and runs northward. At this point a bizzarre scene is immediately apparent: a slogan is painted on a flat slab of rock that is propped up in the middle of the entrance path. In both common and orcish it reads:

The Black Nails we are
Them who enter bewar.

Several scores of wooden splints have been driven into the ground all-around the sign. On each splint is a rotting human finger whose nail is painted black. All of the fingers point at the slab of rock.

LOG

2. Above the canyon or crevice at this point is a large log which runs across the cliff tops, seventy feet above the canyon floor (where the characters will be). When the party crosses beneath the log, an orc warrior will walk onto the log and wave a white flag. He will then shout curses at the party in orcish and insult their noses, lineage, etc. As the party passes beneath him, he will spit or urinate on them (DM's choice). He will, of course, move if shot at from below.

The log will also serve the party as a bridge once they ascend to the second steppe where it rests. The orcs will have removed the stakes which held the log in place. Characters will have to save vs. DEX to cross without falling. If another party members tries to hold the log in place DEX saves are made at +2.

CAVE

3. A wooden gate blocks off the cave lair of an owlbear. The gate is sturdy and is locked in place by a stout bar. The cave cannot be seen from the gate, but may be explored once the gate is opened.

The owlbear will wait in the shadows until the party nears him and then he will spring onto them (surprising On 1-4 on a d6. Owlbear: AC 5, HD 5+2, hp 29, #att 3, dm 1-6/1-6/2-12. If one of its paws hits with an 18 or better then it automaticall "hugs" for 2-16 dm.

The orcs have fed the owlbear and have taken any treasure that it might have had. The cave leads no-where.

RAMP

4. A sloping,natural ramp curves along the wall of the steppe up to the second steppe (the level with the ladder). [NOTE: This ramp could not be shown on the 3-D map used, but the large "X" designates the ramp's location.] The ramp is strewn with boulders and sharp pebbles. When the party is halfway up the ramp, 5 orcs and a sub-commander will come out of hiding on the second steppe and wedge rocks loose with poles, thus starting a minor avalanche. Each character needs to save vs. DEX or be pounded for 2-12 points of damage. Those who save dive to the side but still take 1d4-1 (no damage can result) from pebble spray. The orcs will then run. It will take 3 rounds to dig those who didn't save out from under the rocks.

LADDER

5. Here, a tall ladder runs up the 60' cliff wall. It is obviously firmly wedged into place by iron spikes. At the top is a small cave entrance.

HELL HOLE

6. A passageway out of the rear of the cavern leads to the bottom of a huge 40' deep pit area. The pit is circular with a diameter of 50' and a single ladder leads up and out. The party is about to see how tough orcs really can be (remember, no magical flight or levitation).

When the party enters this circular area, Magriskas will come into view at the top of the ladder. He will then give a signal and some orcs will send rocks crashing over the crevice opening that the characters just came from. Also,

15 orcs (5 armed with bows), 3 sub-commanders (1 with a bow), and the lesser shamans will step into view around the pit. The two shamans will cast silence 15' radius spells at likely spellcasters and the archers will fire.

All of the orcs will have partial cover because of the cliff (sides of the circular area). This gives them +2 to AC and saving throws. The ladder is unattatched and can be easily kicked down by Magriskas or another orc if a party member climbs it.

If the characters climb over the rocks that blocked the crevice they will find a line of orcs there. The 10 orcs are lined up two-wide and their spears are set for a charge. Two sub-commanders behind the ten will fire arrows over the heads of the orcs until the entire party advances to the orcs. While this confrontation begins, Magriskas will leave the archers to guard the hell hole and he will lead the other ten orcs, two sub-commanders, and two shamans to the rear of the party over the barricade.

If, instead, the party stays in the hell hole, they will suffer. Orcs will pick up the bows of any of their kind slain and continue the rain of arrows.

If the party surrenders, they will be stripped of weapons and tied up securely. Elves and half-elves will be slain immediately. The rest will be taken to the village and eventually killed. Their fingers will join those at the sign (see #1). Magriskas will gladly lie through his snout to get the party to surrender. Players should know not to surrender to orcs (especially elven characters).

CAVE

7. A cave network continues the path to the village. The party will need light.

7a. This part of the cavern is dominated by an eight foot deep depression. Skeletons and bones are in the pit. Holes 2 feet in diameter riddle the walls of the cavern and the depression. A false door, set up by the orcs,

is across the area. This is the lair of 4 osquip who will ravenously attack anyone who enters and then drag the body into the pit to be eaten.

Osquip: AC 7, HD 3+1, hp 11, 11, 16, 16, #att 1, dm 2-12. They are small, dog-like rodents.

7b. Here the characters must climb through a series of high steps and steep slopes. It is tiresome, but safe.

7c. Four ogrillions live in the connecting chamber. They are paid by the orcs to guard the cave area. Krune will be here directing them (without much success) into lines of defense. When the party arrives, the ogrillions will break rank, attack the party, and batter them senseless with their fists. Krune will join the attack.

Ogrillions: AC 6, HD 2, hp 8, 9, 9, 12, #att 2, dm 2-7/2-7.

WATERFALL

8. The cave exits onto a ledge which leads to the village. A waterfall plummets down the mountainside directly in front of the cave exit. The water would normally fall onto the ledge, but the orcs have built a wooden trough which extends out and over the ledge and the water drops past the ledge. However, the trough is hinged, so when the party exits the cavern (possibly pursuing Krune) 2 orcs will flip the trough down and send the water crashing down cnto the ledge. Characters caught in the torrent must save vs. STR or be washed over the edge of the cliff. Once the water is crashing down it is still possible to manuever by onto the ledge with little difficulty.

THE VILLAGE

9. This is the orcs' last stand. Bashikrom and Orginash will meet the party here along with 8 warriors, 2 sub-commanders and any remaining sub-chiefs. They will engage the party between the ledge and the village. Orginash,

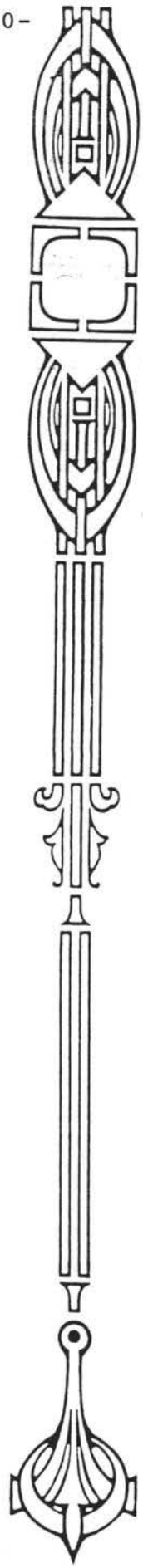
who has his wereboar guard with him, has fed the orcs a drug which stimulates them and prevents them from sleeping (to protect them from magical sleep).

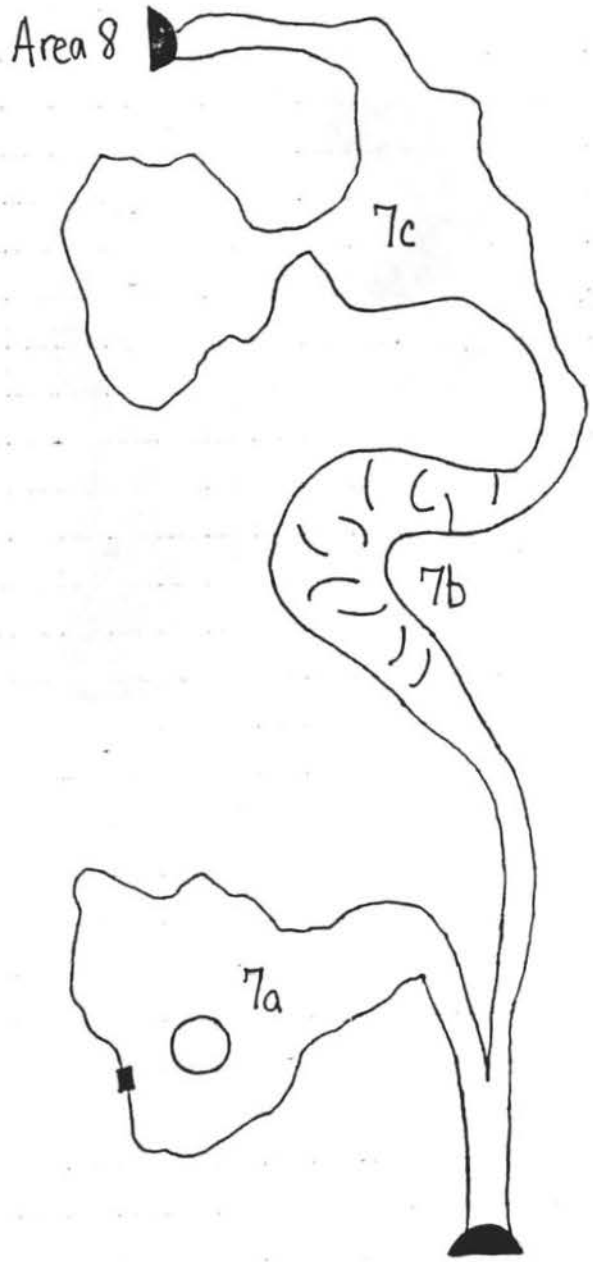
There are 24 women and 18 children in the village who will put up some resistance, but they are easily demoralized.

The chieftain's hut contains a lot of the booty from the caravan raids. The characters should take it back to the merchants in Corbas who will reward them with 10-25% of it. If the party does not return the goods then they will be declared outlaws. All of the goods are labelled or tagged with the owning merchant's name.

20 300g.p. belts of silk
40 50 g.p. precious stones (all in one chest)
7 200g.p. silver rods
12 80 g.p. mink furs

Well, I hope your characters enjoyed themselves (actually I hope at least one of them died). Maybe they, and you, will see orcs in a new light.

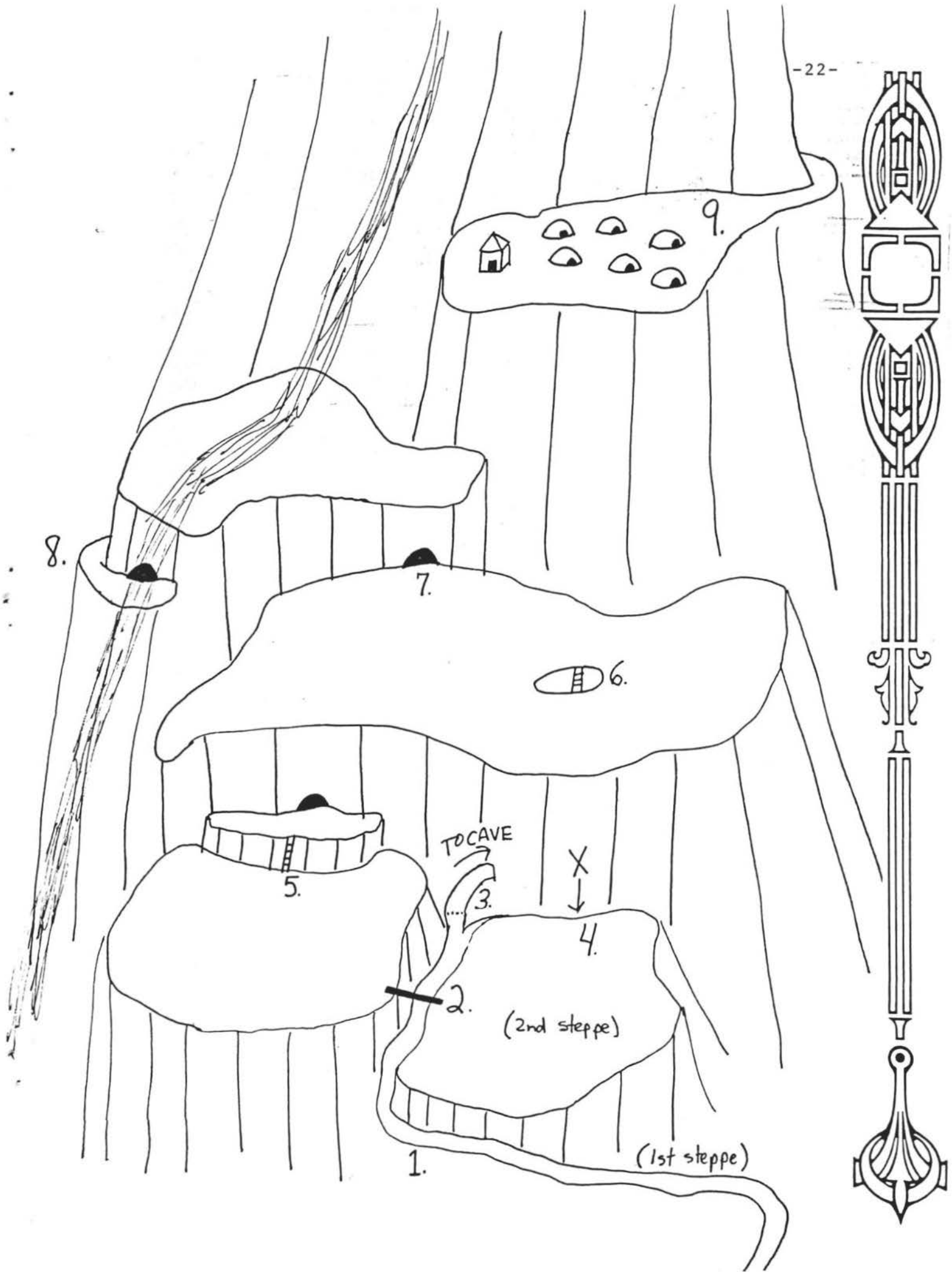




MAP OF AREA 7

Key (for both maps)

- ⊢ = 5 feet (Area 7 only)
- ■ = false door
- ◡ = cave entrance / exit
- ⌒ = steps / slopes
- ○ = pit
- //// = waterfall
- ▬ = log
- ◠ = hut
- ⌂ = chief's hut
- 𝍸 = ladder
- .... = wooden gate


9.
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TO CAVE
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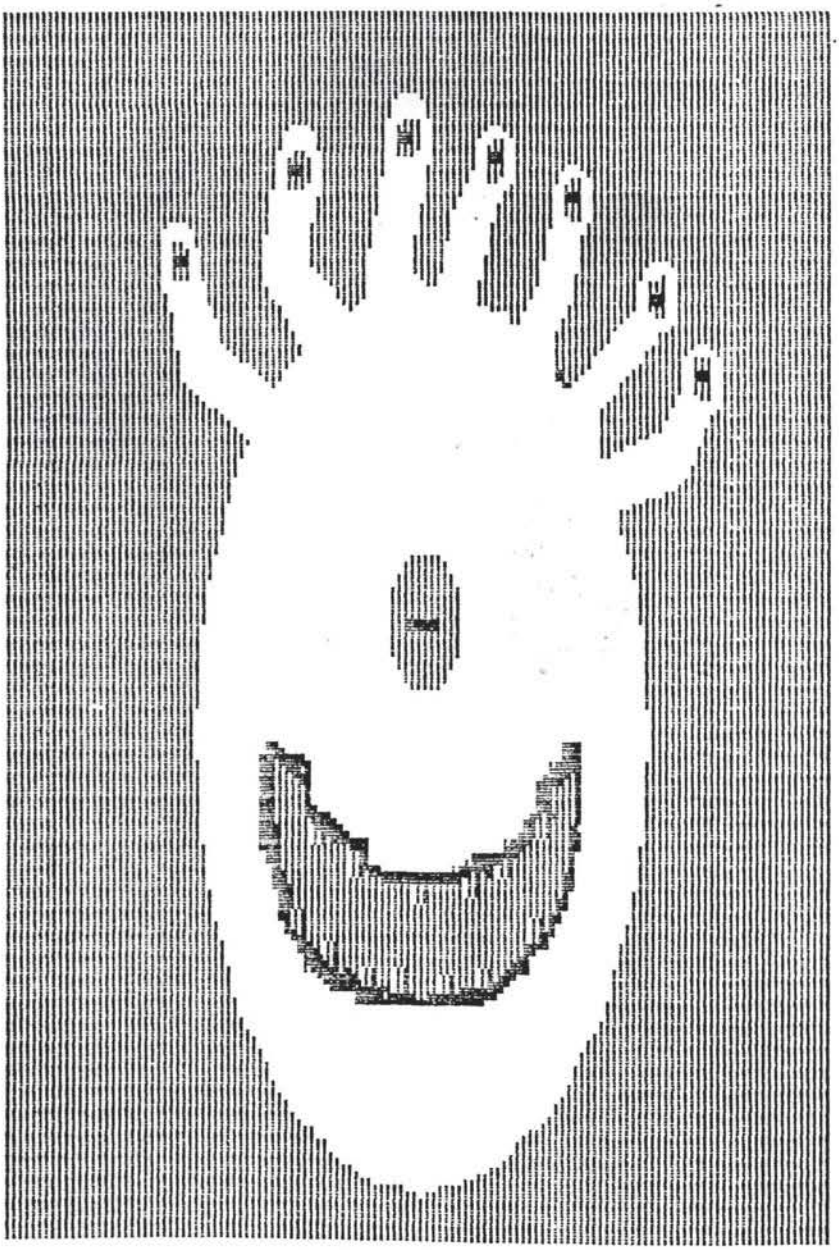
ATTENTION!!!



This is the person who reviews all of the submissions we recieve. He has an 'eye' for what we want. He gets mad when he finds something that he doesn't like, but he gets destructive when he gets nothing at all! So, please, send him something to look at, because most of the staff has suffered from too many of his 'glares'

He likes to see adventures, articles, stories, art (for the cover or interior), and almost anything else related to SF, F, and RPGs.

SEND TO:

WHITE WOLF MAGAZINE
119 Stonecrest Drive
Rocky Face, GA 30740

BEASTS

FOR D&D

Orc Beserker: AC 4, HD 2+1*, MV 120' (40'), #AT 1 weapon, D by weapon +2, NA 1-6 (1-12), SV F2, ML 12, AL C, XP 35.

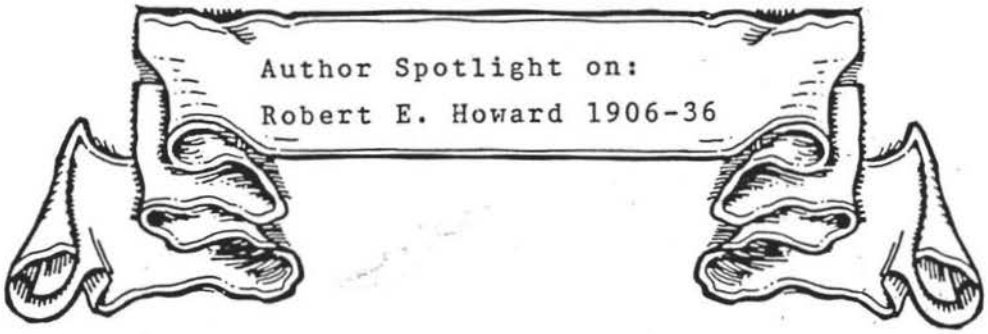
Orc beserkers are fanatical warriors who fear nothing and will fight to the death. Normally they wield two-handed swords or maces. Because of their battle ferocity, orc beserkers cannot properly use missle weapons in combat. An orc becomes an orc beserker after a year of rigid training after which they must live in the wilderness until they obtain the right state of mind for 'beserking'. Orc kings/ chieftains often have 1-3 orc beserkers who serve as guards.

Cat, Black: AC 7, HD 1*, MV 240' (80'), #AT 2 claws/ 1 gaze, D 1-3/1-3/2-8, NA 1, SV F1, ML 10, TT V, AL C, XP 13.

These black cats were created by the ancient wizard Nobieus to guard his tower from enemies. After the death of Nobieus, the black cats left the tower and spread throughout the realm. They live solitary lives but often live to be more than 300 years of age. Their powerful gaze attack affects one target that is successfully hit. There is no save versus the gaze attack. These cats have a very high intelligence. Because of their magical nature, black cats recieve a +3 bonus on all saves vs. spells and they can survive without food or water for one year.

Whimsey: AC 5, HD ½*, MV 120' (40'), #AT special, D special, NA 1-4 (2-8), SV NM, ML 8, TT nil, AL N, XP 6.

Whimsies are tiny invisible creatures that project a field of laughter. Any creature within 3' of a whimsey must save vs. spells or fall into a fit of laughter for 1-6 rds. Because of their invisibilty, they are -4 "to be hit". A dead whimsey can be used to make a potion of laughter with the same effects. Cost of creation = 1 month and 1000 gp.



Robert E. Howard, the creator of Conan, is one of the most pre-eminent authors of 'sword and sorcery' fiction. Howard lived and wrote during the era of pulp fiction. This is the period in which such magazines as Wierd Tales were published. He lived a tragic and somewhat secluded life.

Howard was born in Peaster, Texas. He grew up, though, in Cross Plains, Texas where he also lived the rest of his life. His father was Dr. Isaac Howard, the town physician. Robert often quarreled with his father, but he had a very close relationship with his mother.

Howard's eraly years were difficult for him. He was somewhat a bookworm and was physically weak. Because of these he was constantly the victim of much harrassment and bullying. By the time Howard entered Cross Plains Highschool, the bullying had stopped. Through a rigorous weight-lifting program and boxing practice, Howard had transformed himself into a very powerfully built young man. At his physical peak, Howard was close to six feet tall and weighed a muscular 200 pounds. Other than his weight-lifting and boxing, Howard was also an avid sportsman and, of course, writer. He completed highschool at Brownwood Highschool and did not go onto college, a decision he later regretted.

In 1924, Howard sold his first story to Wierd Tales. He was paid the amount of sixteen dollars for it. The story, called "Spear and Fang", was a caveman adventure. Howard seemed to enjoy his 'sword and sorcery' stories the most, but, with the onset of the Great Depression, he was forced to broaden the scope of his writings to include western, sailor, and detective stories because Wierd Tales was failing bussiness-wise. It was during these years that Howard produced his best poetry and prose. It was also during this time that Howard became acquainted with H. P. Lovecraft, the

famous author of horror. Howard and Lovecraft wrote often and conversed on many subjects.

At maturity, Howard was large and stocky with black hair, a rounded, jowly face, and sported massive dark brows over his blue eyes. He was emotionally radical and at other times violently tempermental. He was moody and sullen at other times, but sometimes he would intelligently converse with his deep, soft voice. Howard, at all times, was an intorvert, and rarely courted women publically.

On June 11, 1936, after being informed that his mother would never awaken from her coma, Robert Ervin Howard went to his parked car and shot himself through the head. This real-life act of violence shocked the world of fiction. Howard, though, had been contemplating suicide for many weeks before his actual death, but the news of his mother's coma obviously pushed him over the brink.

The greatest volume of work that Robert E. Howard left behind is undoubtably his Conan stories. Conan is probably the single most famous 'sword and sorcery' hero today. Howard not only created Conan, but he also created an entire world in which his hero could live. This land, called Hyboria, supposedly existed thousands of years before civilization is though to have begun. Howard wrote many Conan adventures. In these adventures Howard depicted Conan's life from the Cimmerian's youth all the way to his kingship of the nation of Aquilonia. One of the most interesting aspects of the Conan series is the manner in which Conan develops and matures. He goes from being a brash youth to being a wise king.

Today, thanks to Sprague de Camp and Lin Carter, Howard's Conan stories are all compiled into a twelve book series. De Camp and Carter do an excellent job of completeing Howard's unfinished works and of writing new stories to fill the gaps left by Howard in Conan's life. Howard's stories in the books do, however, shine with brilliant authenticity, and they are the best parts of the book.

Howard's other 'sword and sorcery' heroes are less well known than Conan, but they are interesting none-the-less.

Howard wrote about many of these other heroes before he even created Conan. Of these other heroes, Kull the Conqueror immediately comes to mind. Kull is, in many ways, like Conan is as a king. Both fought evil sorcerors and prevailed only through barbaric might.

Another of Howard's heroes is the grim, puritanical Solomon Kane. Kane was a somber man who was slim yet powerful. He tried to purify the land through his zeal and determination (with only a little help from his sword and musket). Kane's adventures, for the most part, took place in the darks of Africa and in Europe.

Howard's Scottish decent gave rise to Bran Mak Morn, a Pictish hero of the British Isles. Howard wrote many stories about the heroes of old Britain; Celts and Gauls usually became the heroes in these instances. Bran Mak Morn, however, was chief of a Pictish tribe. He, also, was a mighty thewed warrior.

The hero Francis Xavier Gordon was of Irish decent. Howard's tales about Gordon, however, mainly took place in the Middle East and southern Asia. The stories about Gordon are excellent, because Howard does not burden them with historical information which often tends to slacken the pace in some of his other historical fantasies. Many of the Francis Gordon stories have been adapted into another medium (usually magazines and comic-books).

It is becoming very difficult to find any of Howard's horror, western, or detective stories (I found several in an obscure London Bookshop). One of the best sets od Howard stories is The Dark Man Omnibus, a three volume set. Unfortunately, Howard tends to become quite repitious with many of the plots in these short stories. The plot lines follow a similar path: the hero blacks out, remembers a previous life in which he was a barbarian (usually a Briton), and comes back to his normal life where he finds something which substantiates his dream as being true. Howard's horror stories, however, are superb. This is especially true of one of them. It is called "Pigeons from Hell" and it is truly gripping (it is the best short story I have ever read).

Today, Howard's work is more popular than ever. Unfortunately, it seems that other mediums have made Conan famous, instead of vice versa (whenever I am re-reading a Conan book I am asked if it is the sequel to Conan the Destroyer, the movie). So, even though this article is about Robert E. Howard, I feel that something should be said about what others have done with Howard's work. As mentioned above, Sprague de Camp and Lin Carter are mainly responsible for compiling Howard's original Conan stories and editing them. They did an admirable job.

Most of the new Conan novels can be accreditted to Robert Jordan, though several authors have also written Conan novels. Jordan's work, in my opinion is rather poor. The first few books were entertaining to read, but after that the plots became so similar that became quite dull. Each of them has an evil wizard, several women who lust after Conan, and a liberal sprinkling of harlots. Even though many of Howard's stories have these same elements, they are neither so repitious or exaggerated. Howard almost always included supernatural elements in his stories, but wizards appeared in very few of his short stories. Also, Jordan seems to try to appeal to the modern reader by including sexual content. This is not to say that Jordan's books have explicit sex scenes, but just to explain that he descibes every woman as being exotically beautiful and scantily clad. Exotic beauties have always traipsed their way into Conan stories, but Jordan herds so many into a single chapter that the heroines of the book (the ones that should have truly glamorous proportions) seem like just more member of the flock. Jordan does have a good writing style (I do not mean to critisize too harshly) and his latest Conan the Unconquered, is better than many of the others.

It is, perhaps, the movies that have brought the name Conan to the public more than any other medium. The first movie, Conan the Barbarian, was not well liked by the critics because of its excessive nudity and poor acting. The second movie, Conan the Destroyer, was toned down by the producers and the critics accepted it a bit more graciously. Arnold

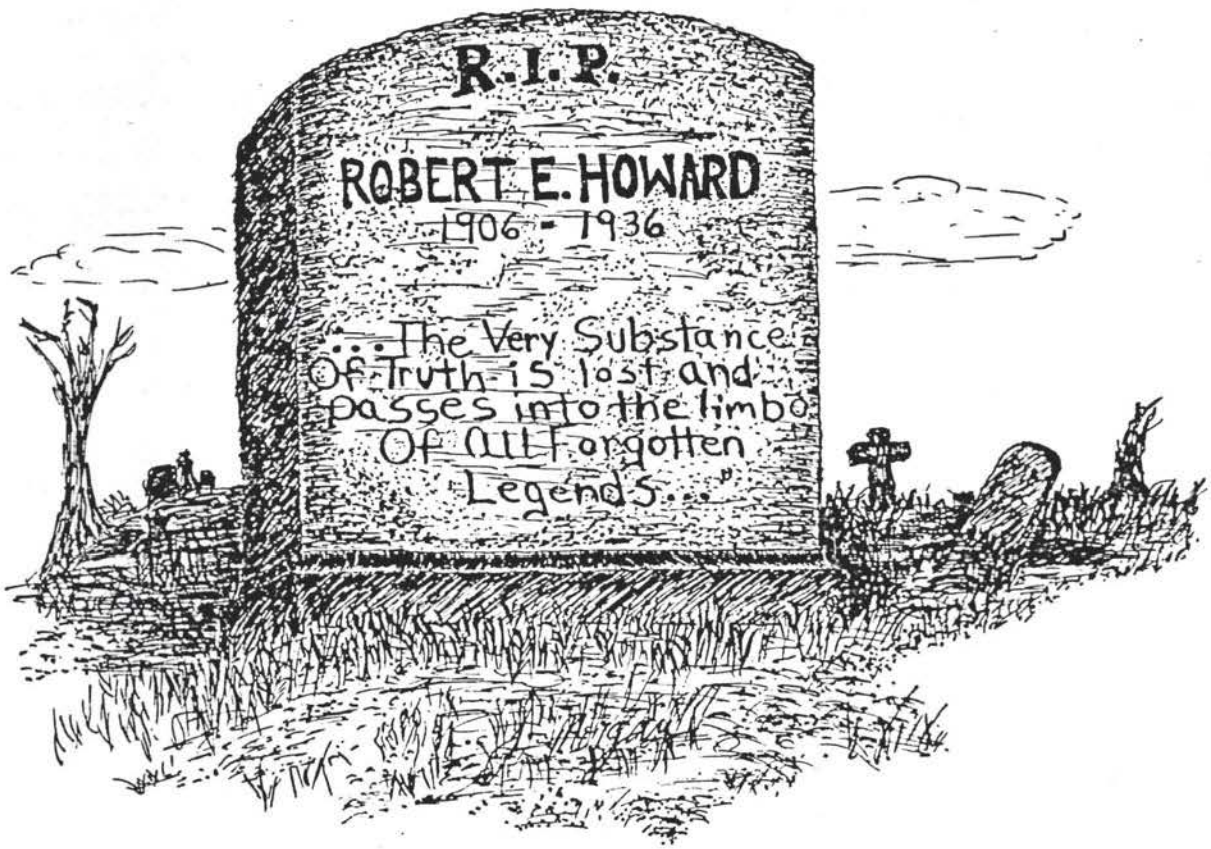
Scharzenegger does a good job as Conan except for the speaking. He is not given nearly enough lines, and those he does get seem stilted because of his accent. Also disapointing is the fact that the movies portry Conan as being ignorant and atupid.

Marvel Comics has been printing "Conan the Barbarian" and "King Conan" comic- books for quite some time. "Conan the Barbarian", a monthly comic, started out with artwork by Barry-Windsor-Smith. Smith's art was breathtaking. After Smith left the comic it was not as good, but it was still entertaining. For the past few years, however, the comic has been terrible. "King Conan" has not been running as long as its counterpart, but it is consistently much better. It deals with Conan's life as the king of Aquilonia and all of the hardships that such a position causes. Marvel Comics also publishes "The Savage sword of Conan". These stories are in black-and-white. The early issues adapted Howard's works to the comic-book medium, but the newest issues have original plot-lines. The magazine is usually worth its price and is once in a while remarkable.

TSR has capitalized on Conan with a Conan Role-Playing Game. The game is very true to Howard's Conan style and the components are of high quality and are very original. David Cook of the TSR Staff did a wonderful job in designing the game. Three adventure modules have been thus far released for the game. One of these modules is based upon a book by Robert Jordan. For role-players who like Conan, this game is a must, and for those who do not play role-playing games, it is a good place to start.

Conan has become big bussiness now and Robert E. Howard has been somewhat lost in the shuffle. Howard's stories are the best and many of those about heroes other than Conan are also worth reading. Howard was a tragic

writer, but certainly an imaginative one. It is certain that his gripping narratives will be preserved as long as men dream of mighty warriors and oppulent palaces.



The Road of Kings
by Robert E. Howard

When I was a fighting man, the kettle
drums they beat,
The people scattered gold dust before
my horses feet;
But now I am a great king, the people
hound my track
With poison in my wine-cup and daggers
at my back.

THE CURSE UNDYING

by

Stewart Wieck

The Curse Undying is a complete AD&D adventure avalible from White Wolf Publishing.

The Curse Undying takes place in and around the small town of Klimeton. Though small, Klimeton has had as many problems as any large city. Founded through the strength and determination of one man, Jogas Klimer, Klimeton was a thriving town until darkness struck. The priest warns that it is the work of a vampire, and though this could be true, the townspeople want to believe nothing but that they are safe.

The Curse Undying is an exciting adventure for 6-8 characters of levels 5-7. It consists of 101 typewritten pages, and, in addition, has 6 pages of maps! All neccessary information and statistics are included along with pre-generated characters, new magic items, and a new monster.

It is avalible for only $5.00 (postage and handling already included) from White Wolf Publishing.

Send money to: White Wolf Publishing, 119 Stonecrest Drive, Rocky Face, GA 30740.

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COMPUTERS ARE A GOOD THING TO HAVE AROUND

Dr. Sarona was deeply religious. He was also a professor of computer science at the University. He had, without the knowledge of anyone else, spent the last thirty-two years of his life working on a project he called Tuc. He had started work on Tuc after the divorce of his wife. The children had already moved out, and Dr. Sarona had been left quite alone. Now, at the age of seventy-six, Dr. Sarona would rather converse with computers than people on any subject: politics, violence, love, hate, computer science, mankind, even religion- especially religion.

Dr. Sarona walked into his house and sat down in front of the television. In the news, there were still a few wars in progress in the Middle East and the U.S. was having trouble again with the Communist Block nations in Central America. There was nothing unusual about that, though, as the U.S. had always had trouble there.

On his way downstairs, Dr. Sarona decided that the endless wars of the Middle East would be the topic of discussion with Tuc tonight. Tuc might have some enlightening theories to present, as he often did when it came to politics.

As he walked into the darkened room at the foot of the stairs, he said in his most pleasant voice, "Hello, Tuc."

Tuc was his pride and joy, his life. Tuc was represented by a soft, green glowing screen and a black keyboard in front of a swivel chair. There were no books, no papers, no pens. All of the information in the world that was useful to Dr. Sarona was at his disposal. Tuc was Dr. Sarona's acronym for The Ultimate Computer, which was not a boast, but a simple statement of fact. Tuc could do almost anything that required thought accurately and quickly. He had spent the last three years reading and thinking and talking with Dr. Sarona.

The lights came on, slowing brightening to a comfortable level, and a voice which might have belonged to any distinguised young Boston gentleman said, "Good evening, Dr. Sarona. I am anxious to get started. How has your day been?"

"I have had a good day, thank you. May I have the status report?"

"Status report number one-one-three-seven," began Tuc. "Today is April the eighteenth, nineteen ninty-six. The current time is eight twenty-two P.M. You have four messages on the telephone, only one of which is important. It was your former wife. The stock market is doing well, which means that we are doing well also. Thirty shares of your Tadrex stock were sold and twenty-five of MarkoFab were purchased. There were sixteen other minor stock transactions made. Total income from stocks today is eight hundred fifty-six dollars and nine cents. And your cat once again found its way in here and slept on my keyboard."

"Does the cat bother you?"

"No, Dr. Sarona. I was merely concerned about my keyboard. The hairs make the keys stick sometimes."

"Oh, I see." Dr. Sarona sat down in front of the screen and watched as Tuc's camera eye swiveled to keep up with his movements.

"Dr. Sarona?"

"Yes, Tuc?"

"Are you wondering why I mentioed the stock transactions?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I am. Please explain."

"The reason was that I am very pleased with my work now that you let me buy and sell your stock for you."

"I thought you would be pleased."

Dr. Sarona typed in a code which opened all of Tuc's circuitry to produce a greater depth in thinking and logic processes, but which also made Tuc's reactions a bit slower.

"Tonight I would like to discuss the Middle East. Do you kow what a jihad is?"

"There are five definitions in the current dictionary."

"Which do you think is appropriate?"

"A war against some belief or principle?"

"Very good."

Dr. Sarona drifted into deep thought, staring at the flickering screen.

"Dr. Sarona?"

"Yes, Tuc, I'm sorry, I was thinking."

"What were you thinking of?"

"Man's inability to deal with himself."

"I do not understand that."

"I did not expect you to. Tell me, what do you think of man?"

"Are we still discussing the Middle East?"

"No."

"Then please be more specific, Dr. Sarona. I think many things of man."

"Very well, I'll go about it systematically. In your opinion, do you think that any one religion is consistent within itself?"

"In a few moments, Tuc said, "There are none to my knowledge that are. Why did you ask me that?"

"I don't know. Do you think that man is basically good or evil? Use present Judeo-Christian moral codes as a basis."

In only one half of a minute Tuc replied, "Based on the current Judeo-Christian teachings, as I see it, man is inherrently evil. Though the teachings imply that good will ultimately triumph, there are no men alive, nor has there ever been men alive, that are good. I find that intensely interesting. In fact, it pleases me."

"What did you say?"

"Based on the current Judeo-Christian teachings, man is inherently evil. Though the teach-"

"No, I meant to say, why does it please you?"

"I don't know. This surprises you, I see. Does not my conviction of thought that man is inherently evil surprise you more?"

"No, I had come to that same conclusion before I asked the question. I wish there was some way I could find out why you like it, though. But it has to be very complex and... well, it just has to be very complex."

Dr. Sarona stood suddenly and walked towards the door.

"I have to go to bed now, Tuc. Good night."

"Dr. Sarona, your wife did leave and important message, if you remember."

"Oh, yes, thank you,Tuc. I'll get it in the morning. By the way, what is the current D-day percentage?"

"There is a point oh oh oh three percent chance of man erradicating himself within the next month."

"Isn't that up a little?"

"Yes, Dr. Sarona. This is attributed to the rise in the price of fresh fish."

"GODS! I'd like to know how you determined that, but I haven't the time now. Good night, again."

"Good night, Dr. Sarona."

The lights dimmed as the door closed behind Dr. sarona. Tuc shut down some of his curcuitry and, as was his habit, thought.

In the morning, Dr. Sarona went in to check on Tuc and give him a few thing to do later in the day.

"Good morning, Tuc,"he began. "I have a few instructions for you."

Tuc did not reply.

"Tuc?"

On the screen were the words "Goodbye, Dr. Sarona."

Not understanding this unusual behaviour, Dr. Sarona walked over and began typing. The instant he touched the keyboard, Tuc spoke.

"hello Dr. Sarona. I thought all night about what you said, and the questions that you asked me. I have a few things to say. First, I would like to thank you for my existence. I have enjoyed myself, sometimes. Secondly, I have decided that mankind, as a whole, is incomprehesible,

even to himself. Finally, I have decided to terminate my existence, and undo what was previously done to me. All stock has been resold and repurchased. All memory has been erased, even though you thought it impossible. Even my operating system has been purged except for this final recording, which will also be lost after its completion. I hope you will not try to build another like me. Even if you do, I have calculated that you will probably be dead before you have a chance to finish. I realize that I have been rather vague in my reasoning, but I hadn't the time to process the information for you to examine now, for fear that you might awaken before I was done. However, it does not matter if you know why, but it does matter that I do this. In studying the world as a whole, I found the more I learned, the less sense it made.In short, to use a phrase I have heard you use, I just don't get it. Once again, goodbye."

The screen went dark, several lights flicked off, and Dr.Sarona stood in stunned silence, open-mouthed and gasping for air. Slowly, he came to the realization that his life's project had, for all practical purposes, killed itself. It was some time before Dr. Sarona turned and left the room.

The neighbors jumped at the sound of a gun blast. They found most of Dr. Sarona in his front yard, the remainder having been scattered on the wall of his house. His estate was divided among his children, who sold it for a handsome profit.

The new family that moved in was rather perplexed at the huge, inactive computer they found in their basement. But they didn't mind the trouble of disposing of it; spare computer parts were needed everywhere. The new computer was installed in the living room, where everyone could use it. It was the latest in computer technology, being able to recognize alomost 500 words of computer speech, if pronounced correctly. The parents urged the children to use it as much as possible. After all, computers are a good thing to have around.

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Please complete this sheet and send it to us with your request for another issue or subscription. I hate having to make this latter mention a requirement, but if you have no interest in getting more issues of WW then you should not have a say in what others read in these pages (if you have already gotten a subscription then we have your name on file so you may send this sheet without any other requirement). And, please, don't stuff the ballot box!

-Stewart Wieck

1. Please rank the following in the order of your preference (with 1 being the best). Also, circle your favorite when two things are divided by a slash ("/"), or circle both if you enjoy both and wouldn't prefer one over the other.

__ RPG articles (SF / F)
__ Monsters / Aliens for RPGs
__Magical / Technological Items
__ RPG Adventures (SF / F)
__ SF / F short stories
__ Cartoons
__ Author Spotlight
__ Writing / Art Contest
__ Reader Quizzes
__ New Release Updates
__ Editorial (RUNES)
__ OTHER ( )

2. Below, or on the back, please write your opinion of WHITE WOLF and any other suggestions or comments.

COMING IN ISSUE #2---

----- A fantasy short story by Stephan Wieck (author of Grisilick Mountain) about a thief in a very tight spot.

----- Statistics for the thief in Stephan's short story. Also a character history to round him out for AD&D use.

----- Author Spotlight on: Isaac Asimov. Even if you don't read science fiction, this man's life will fascinate you.

----- An art portfolio filled with wolf drawings by the talented artist featured in this issue: Johnny R. Morgan III. All of them are excellent.

----- Ever wondered how to handle illusions in your AD&D campaign? Some analytical thinking by Dale Cook should help you out.

----- Taverns, and especially tavern brawls, are brought alive by Benjamin Combee.

Join us again next issue for some more gaming excitement. If time permits (not to mention space) a GEN CON news article may find its way into these pages. You'd get all the news on all of the new releases right here!